

THE TWO RACES.

The following are not original with the supposed authors—the slave and the slaveholder—but they well enough illustrate the genius and heart of the parties—if we could imagine humanity left in the bosom of the poor slave. All the poetry slave mystery leaves in a man, is displayed in the "chivalrous" salutation of the planter, with his star-gemmed finger. Probably the poor creature thought the little luminary he was apostrophizing, was a diamond in some great slaveholder's ring. Pierpont is the author of both—though not the acknowledged author of the slaveholder's. Perhaps respect for the clerical office induced him to withhold his name. It struck us as evidence of as high poetical talent and ingenuity, as any thing he has ever written. There is more of his peculiar humor and point in it—the power he ought to exert to display—but which, he is obliged to restrain—in almost any place we remember. He can do every thing best out of that pillory. He is in distress in it. It is a cage for his Eagle spirit. When he personated this astronomical slaveholder, he was out of it, and the power he put forth, in mere frolic, would rank with any kindred effort of Byron's. The vulgar, ignorant, domineering of slave mystery, its coarseness, its presumption, that would trample not only on the Northern Deity, but on the very North Pole, and Polar Bear, and so ignorant as to really think he might—all are given to the life, as we should think mystery would amplify if it could write verses, though we believe no creature among them ever wrote a couplet of verse in the world. We are not much read in American literature, but we don't think this moment remember any, and we are not afraid to guess, that all the poetry we have ever raised, has been free labor produce. We don't believe slavery has got soul enough to put two lines together, with any thing of poetic life. But if it could write, and knew the North Star from the Dog Star, it would address it, after a decompensation of a batch of emigrants, in just such strain as Pierpont has here given—bating this, that it never could have heard of some of the abolition writers the author kindly imagines it has.

The address of the slave has hardly its match in our language, for pathetic beauty. And its verse has all the majesty of the fluid. Nothing can surpass some of those touches of the stars. But we have once attempted to "speak our mind" of this, and we forbear. We thought (though the printer is entitled to the credit of the suggestion) that the two addresses together would furnish an entertaining contrast, in addition to their intrinsic, respective merits. They are certainly some of the finest flashes that have been struck out by the friction of the anti-slavery movement. Their intensity and brilliancy may indicate something of its speed.—*Register's Herald of Freedom.*

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE'S APOSTROPHE TO THE NORTH STAR.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

Star of the North! though night winds drift
The fleecy drapery of the sky,
Between thy lamp and me, I lift,
Yea, lift with hope, my sleepless eye
To the blue heights wherein thou dwellest,
And of a land of freedom tellest.

Star of the North! while blazing day
Pours round me its full tide of light,
And hides thy pale but faithful ray,
I, too, lie hid and long for night;
For night! I dare not walk at noon,
Nor dare I trust the faithless moon—

Nor faithless man, whose burning lust
For gold hath riveted my chain,
Nor other leader can I trust
But thee of even the starry train;
For all the host around thee burning,
Like faithless man, keep turning, turning.

I may not follow where they go—
Star of the North, I look to thee
While on I press; for well I know
Thy light and truth shall set me free:
Thy light, that no poor slave deceiveth;
Thy truth, that all my soul believeth.

They of the East beheld the star
That over Bethlehem's manger glowed;
With joy they hailed it from afar,
And followed where it marked the road,
Till where its rays directly fell,
They found the Hope of Israel.

Wise were the men who followed thus
The Star that sets man free from sin!
Star of the North! thou art to us—
Who're slaves because we wear a skin
Dark as is Night's protecting wing—
Thou art to us a holy thing.

And we are wise to follow thee!
I trust thy steady light alone—
Star of the North! thou seem'st to me
To burn before the Almighty's throne,
To guide us through these forests dim
And vast, to liberty and HIM.

Thy beam is on the glossy breast
Of the still spring upon whose brink
I lay my weary limbs to rest,
And how my parching lips to drink,
Guide of the friendless negro's way,
I bless thee for this quiet ray!

In the dark top of southern pines
I nestled, when the Driver's horn
Called to the field, in lengthening lines,
My fellows, at the break of morn.
And there I lay till thy sweet face
Looked down upon my "hiding place."

The tangled cane-brake where I crept
For shelter from the heat of noon,
And where, while others toiled, I slept,
Till wakened by the rising moon,
As its stalks felt the night wind free,
Gave me to catch a glimpse of thee.

Star of the North! in bright array
The constellations round thee sweep,
Each holding on its nightly way,
Rising or sinking in the deep,
And as it hangs in mid heaven flaming,
The homage of some nation claiming.

This nation to the Eagle's covet:
Fit emblems she's a bird of prey—
Like worships like! for each devotion
The earnings of another's toil.
I've felt her talons and her beak,
And now the gentler Lion seek.

The Lion,* at the Virgin's feet
Crouches, and lays his mighty paw
Into her lap—an emblem meet
Of England's Queen, and English law:
Queen that hath made her Islands free!
Law, that holds out its shield to me!

Star of the North! upon that shield
Thou shinest—O, forever shine!
The negro, from the cotton field
Shall, then, beneath its orb recline,
And feed the Lion, crouched before it,
Nor heed the Eagle, screaming o'er it!

*The constellations *Aquila, Leo, and Virgo*, are here meant by the Astronomical Fugitive.

THE SLAVEHOLDER'S ADDRESS TO THE NORTH STAR.

Star of the North! Thou art not bigger
Than is the diamond in my ring;
Yet, every black, star-gazing nigger
Looks at thee, as at some great thing!
Yes, gazes at thee, till the lazy
And thoughtless rascal is half crazy.

Some Quaker scoundrel must have told 'em,
That, if they take their flight to'nd thee,
They'll get where "missus" cannot hold 'em,
And therefore to the North they flee,
Fools! to be led off, where they can't earn
Their living, by the lying lantern.

Thou'rt a cold water star, I reckon,
Altho' I've never seen thee, yet,
When to the bath thy sisters beckon,
Get 'em thy golden sandals wet;
Nor in the wife have known thee dip,
In our hot nights, thy finger's tip.

If thou would'st, nightly, leave the pole
To enjoy a regular ablution
In the North Sea, or Symmes' hole,
Our "Patriarchal Institution,"
From which thou givest many a ransom,
Would, doubtless, give thee something hand-some.

Altho' thou'rt a cold water star,
As I have said (I think) already,
Thou'rt haled by many a tipsy tar,
Who loves thee, just because thou'rt steady,
And hold'st the candle for the rover
When he is more than "half seas over."

But while Ham's seed our land to bless,
"Increase and multiply" like rabbits,
We like thee, Yankee star the less,
For thy bright eye and steady habits.
Pray waltz with Venus, Star of Love,
Or take a bout with reeling Jove!

Thou art an abolition star,
And to my wench will be of use, if her
Dark eye should find thee, ere the ear
Of our true old slave-catcher, Lucifer,
Son of the morning, upward rolls
And with its light puts out the pole's.

On our field-hands thou lookest, too—
A sort of nightly overseer—
Glad'st find no other work to do!
I tell thee thou'rt not wanted here;
So, pray, shine only on the oceans,
Thou number one of "Northern notions."

Yes, northern notions—northern lights!
As George Fox hated holy-water,
So hate I all that Rogers writes,
Or Weld—that married Grimke's daughter.
So hate I all those northern curses,
From Birney's prose to Whittier's verses.

"Put out that light!" exclaimed the Moor.
(I think they called his name Othello.)
When opening his wife's chamber door
To cut her throat—the noble fellow!
Noblest of all the nigger nation!
File leader in Amalgamation!

"Put out the light!"—and so say I,
Could "I quench thee thou flaming minister!"
No longer in the northern sky,
Should burn thy beacon fire so sinister.
North Star! thy light's unwelcome—very—
We'll vote thee, "an incendiary!"

And to the Northern States we'll write,
And tell them not to let thee shine,
(Excepting of a cloudy night)
Anywhere south of Dixon's line;
If beyond that thou shine an inch,
We'll have thee up before Judge Lynch—

And when thou Abolition Star,
Who preachest Freedom in all weathers,
Thou hast got on thy coat of tar,
And, over that, a cloak of feathers,
That thou art "fixed" none will deny,
If there's a fixed star in the sky.

Pocotalico, South Carolina.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Christian Freeman.

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.

Sambo was claimed as a slave, and took an active part in one of the insurrections made in South Carolina, about fifty years ago; but was, after a desperate effort, overcome and seized as a prisoner. He, with five others, was condemned to be hung; but the night before his execution he rose upon his knees, despatched them at once and escaped for life. They bent their course towards the north-western part of the State, penetrated the mountain region, and selected a beautiful vale, high up the mountain, for their future residence. Here was wild game enough, and there was little prospect that any white man would scale the mountain peaks and find them enrolled among the clouds.

After clearing away the wood and preparing their cabins, they decided that *man should not live alone*, and that they would go in quest of helpmates for themselves. They resolved to make a desperate effort to find, recover, and take away, the wives and children from whom they had been driven. They went, and after encountering many hardships, they returned in safety; two having recovered their families; the other learned

that his loved wife had been sold and carried off, and he induced a colored girl to return with him. The appearance of these females in the mountains was joyful sight, and hailed with much delight. Soon after, Sambo, with his two companions, made a descent into North Carolina, hung about the plantations, and at length returned with four horses, well laden, three females, and one young man, who had joined them. On his way, Sambo had visited a small band of Indians, entered into a friendly connection with them, and they agreed to take such fare and game as he had to spare, and to carry them to market among the whites. The plantation being now so happily commenced, all agreed that Sambo should be king, and that the laws should be respected by all. His first law was, "One person shall not injure another; but each shall love his neighbor." 2d. *The life, liberty, and property of colored persons is sacred, and no man may hold them as slaves.* 3d. *White men, bought of the Indians, or seized in the low country may, they and their children, be held as slaves.* In a few weeks the horses were taken to the Indians, and exchanged for four whites, who were, according to law, held as slaves, and forbidden to pass certain boundaries under death. All things now went on pleasantly in the colony—lands were cleared, and various productions raised, while the forest furnished abundance. Occasionally some of the party stole down into the settlements, seized what they wanted, and brought back some of their own color for settlers, or white children for slaves.

Thus their society gradually increased, and those who had been slaves tasted the sweets of liberty. Sambo now dashed for a wife, and after a few weeks returned from Virginia with a young lady, the daughter of a planter, who was recognized as queen by the colony. The next year an event occurred which produced great excitement among the Carolinians. A young clergyman, with his wife, were visiting in one of the middle counties of the State, when they suddenly disappeared, and no trace of them could be found. Sambo had seized them and carried them to the mountains. The law was read, and he was required to conform strictly to it. This was a hard saying, but what could he reply? He had always maintained that "slavery was not a moral evil—that it was clearly sanctioned in the Bible—that good men might, under the sanction of law, compel their poor neighbors to labor for their benefit, and that servants are bound to obey their masters in all things." And so thoroughly was he confirmed in these sentiments, that he had purchased a gang of slaves and carried his sentiments into practice. Why, then, should he not be a slave to Sambo and quietly submit to the established law? A hard question. Why should not Bible institutions be kept up among the mountains as well as on the low lands? Why should not he be constrained to serve master Sambo, even as Sambo's brethren were compelled to labor on his plantation? Revolving such questions in his mind he and his wife retired to the cabin assigned them. How much rest they got I know not, but one thing is certain, they were fully convinced that the state of slavery is not a very pleasant state for the slave. The morning came, and the slaves were called up and their tasks assigned them. This was a new position for Mr. Fuller and his wife to occupy. He ventured to remonstrate; but Sambo answered, my father was stolen, and you, knowing the fact, purchased him—my mother and sisters are laboring on your plantation under the power of a brutal driver, exposed to all the evils of the system of slavery, which you have always justified, and said it was sanctioned by your Bible. Go to your task and see that you are not an eye servant. Such a day Mr. Fuller and his wife had never seen! Weary and sad they returned to their cabin to ponder and weep.

The next morning Sambo addressing them, said, you have for one day seen what field service is; now I appoint you, Mr. Fuller, chaplain and teacher of our settlement, and your wife I assign as house servant to the queen; and I expect you will both show all good fidelity in your respective stations. Under Sambo's government there were no fetters, whips or tortures. All were comfortably fed and clothed. Improvements were extended, domestic animals introduced, and there was much harmony there; but slavery was there also—in its mildest form indeed—but it was slavery. After the lapse of years it was reported that one of the slaves was missing, and all efforts to find him were vain. He was gone, and would betray them to the whites. About one week after the escape of the white, a friendly Indian informed Sambo that a body of whites had assembled and meant to attack him. The next day the whole population were assembled; all resolved to resist, and all methods of defence were adopted. Trees and brushwood were thrown into the gorge, through which the enemy must approach, and masses of stone were collected on the precipice by which they must pass. Sambo, with twenty faithful followers, were at their post at the dawn of day. The tramping of horses was heard—the enemy, burning with fury, entered the gorge, were soon arrested by the trees and brush, huddled together, and were at once crushed under rocks which were rolled down the precipice. Half were destroyed by the first avalanche. Retreat or death was the only alternative. Sambo had triumphed. Fifty of his enemies were dead—but his, he was ruined. He at once saw his true situation, and knew that the whole country would rise up as a flood and overwhelm him. In the deepest anguish he assembled all his people, laid the subject fairly before them, gave the slaves liberty to go with him, or return to their own people. The next day he and his people were seen wending their way up the lofty peak that sheltered at the west their beautiful valley. They reached the summit and lodged there that night. The morning rose, and for the last time they saw their loved homes wrapt in flames. A dark cloud rolled over the mountain. Sambo and his companions were seen no more. Tradition tells not whether they passed away in the cloud, died on the mount, or passing down its western slope, migrated to the far west.

When the *chivalry* of the south had glutted its vengeance, they retired, covered with glory. Mr. Fuller and his wife returned to their plantation, broke every yoke and let the oppressed go free. In the mountain they had learned that our Lord meant when he said, "As ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye unto them." And they were prepared to obey him, not regarding the wrath of slaveholders. What a pity that all pro-slavery ministers should not study divinity under Sambo.

K. B.

THE SABBATH IN PARIS.

A letter from Paris, under date of July 31, written by a lady of Baltimore, says—
I have been no sabbath since I left home. Here there is none. I went last Sunday to Notre Dame and five other celebrated churches, to Mass and Vespers, and heard nothing but music. Saw no appearance of Sunday in the streets. Shopping, building, and every thing going on as any other day. What a way to live! I would not exchange America for all the jewels I have seen in this splendid city, and they are not a few. I have seen several diamonds containing diamonds as large as half a dime, down to the size of a pin's head, from one to two hundred in each with necklaces, facings, brooches, and bracelets, also pearls of great beauty of all sizes strung in every style for royalty, except the crown itself. Yet for all these I would not give up my American citizenship. There are no domestic elements. Every class lives in the streets, or in a constant routine of gaiety, fashion, and excitement. The Gates of all degrees down to the poor house, are all alike palaces, and all are patronized. These are visited by all the world—How could I live so? Give me America!

THE SABBATH IN NEW ORLEANS.

The last Sabbath I spent in New Orleans. I put down in my memorandum book the violations of the day that came under my observation through the press and otherwise. There was one regimental parade and drill a horse race for a purse of \$1000—a duel in the Orleans hall room—a fight on a 200 dollar bet, or as the advertisement was headed, a farwell bout for some noted bully—a cock fight opposite the St. Louis Exchange—masquerade ball in the Orleans hall—two theatres open, a French opera with ballet dancers—two circuses, exhibition of wax works, German Mosaic, Italian Fantoccini organ grinders on the corners of the street—Gambing houses, stores, gin shops, &c. &c., open to fill up the picture. Fourteen men disgraced violations of the Sabbath all of which are noted in the public prints, with no comment except in praise. Besides these, dinner parties (to the rules to Carillon, might be mentioned as most an addition. Such is New Orleans in morality, in respect to religion, and in observance of the Sabbath.—*Cor. N. Y. Observer.*

ANOTHER IMPLEMENT IN WAR.

A new implement in warfare, of terrible efficacy, has just been devised in England, by professor Brown. It consists of a liquid similar to alcohol, in which the oxygen is replaced by arsenic. It ignites the moment it is exposed to the air. If any vessel filled with it, like a glass or iron globe, should be thrown upon the deck, or into the ports of a ship, it would ignite the moment the vessel struck any hard substance, and the inflammable liquid instantly would be in a blaze. The atmosphere at once becomes filled with white arsenic, by which a deadly poison is evolved and inhaled. Being heavier than air, and insoluble in water, it could not be extinguished and, of course, it becomes fatal to all within its influence. A dreadful implement in the art of war.

APPEARANCE.—Some years since a merchant on Long Wharf advertised for Spanish milled dollars. This premium was high. A Roxbury farmer who came into town for manure, and who took pride in appearing like a poor man, with a shovel on his shoulder, called at the counting room of the man, and asked him if he wanted silver dollars. "Yes," said the merchant, "have you got any?" "Not with me," replied the farmer, but I think I have a few at home. "What do you give?" "Four per cent," said the merchant; and added, "I will give you seven for all you have." "Well," said the man, "I should like to have you clap it down on p per how much you give and the number of your shop, or I shall be puzzled to find it." "Yes," said the merchant, "that I will do, what is your name?" "Edward Sumner," said he. The merchant then wrote as follows, and gave it to him:
"Edward Sumner, of Roxbury, says that he thinks he has some Spanish dollars at home. I hereby agree to pay him seven per cent premium for all such dollars as he may produce."
G. A. —

"If I find any," said the cartman, "I will call with them to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock, if I don't you won't see me." His appearance satisfied the man that the dollars would be scarce. At 9 o'clock the next day however, the man appeared, and stocking full after stocking full were carried up and emptied on the table till seven hundred were counted. The merchant, who sat inactive, but remarkably exact, took the silver, and gave a check to the amount, with seven per cent, added, pleasantly remarking, "I do not suppose from your appearance, that you could have more than half a dozen dollars." Mr. S. took up his check and replied in his own peculiar emphatic style. "Sir, I'll tell you a truth which a man in your standing in the world ought to know, and it is this—*Appearances sometimes deceive us.*"

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—At a public meeting in New York, Rev. J. Spaulding dwelt a few moments on the deathless nature and extent of moral influence. "Away among the Alleghenies," he said, "there is a spring so small that a single ox on a summer's day could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills till it spreads out into the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and many the unsaid cultivated farms; and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steam boats. Thence, joining the Mississippi, it stretches away and away some ten or twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the tributaries of that ocean, which obedient only to God, shall roll no more, till the angel with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is a river—a river—a river—an ocean—boundless and eternal!"

[And yet how true this same moral influence here portrayed to reality, is in nine tenths of the output denoted by a *Infidelity*. What do a few things mean? Has the term infidelity changed its significance, or have the popular religiousists lost their faith in God?]

THE YOUTH THAT WAS HUNG.

The Sheriff took out his watch, and said, "If you have anything to say, speak now, for you have only five minutes to live." The young man burst into tears, and said, "I have to die. I had only one little brother, he had beautiful blue eyes, and flaxen hair, and I loved him; but one day I got drunk, for the first time in my life, and coming home, I found my little brother gathering strawberries in the garden, and I became angry with him, without a cause, and killed him at one blow with a rake. I did not know any thing about it until the next morning, when I awoke from sleep, and found myself tied and guarded, and was told that when my little brother was found his hair was clogged with his blood and brains, and he was dead. I never was drunk but once. I have only one more word to say, and then I am going to my final judge. I say it to young people. Never! NEVER!! NEVER!!! touch any thing that can intoxicate!!" As he pronounced these words, he sprang from the box, and was launched into an endless eternity.

I was melted to tears at the recital, and the awful spectacle. My little heart seemed as if it would burst, and break away from my aching bosom, so intolerable were my feelings of grief. And there in that carriage, while on that cushioned seat, looking with streaming eyes on the body of that unfortunate young man, as it hung, dangling and writhing between heaven and earth, as unfit for either place, there it was that I took the pledge never to touch the hurtful poison!

Long years have since passed away.—White hairs have thickened around these temples, then so ruddy and so young, but I have never forgotten the last word of that young man. And I have never violated that pledge. When the tempter has offered to me the sparkling goblet, the words of the young man have seemed to sound in my ears again.—*Old man's story.*

LIBERTY.—THE "RAZOR STROP MAN."—The "Razor Strop Man" says:—"When first I got acquainted with strong drink, it promised to do a great many things for me. It promised liberty—and I got liberty. I had the liberty to see my toes poke out of my boots—the water had the liberty to go in at the toes and go out at the heels—my knees had the liberty to come out of my pants—my elbows had liberty to come out of my coat—I had the liberty to lift the crown of my hat and scratch my head without taking my hat off. Not only liberty I got, but I got music. When I walked along on a windy day, the crown of

My hat would go flipperty flap,
And the wind whistle "how do you do."

Oh ye who think of death, and mourn for death
Why do ye raise a phantom of your weakness?
And then shriek loud to see what you have made?

There is no Death to those who know of Life
No Time to those who see Eternity.

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